

# A BOOK OF MODERN VERSE

J. C. SMITH



OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

FROM THE  
POETRY LIBRARY  
OF  
THE ARTS COUNCIL  
OF  
GREAT BRITAIN



100856

Clemence  
Baker

---

27-

27/



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2022 with funding from  
Kahle/Austin Foundation

A Book of  
MODERN VERSE

Compiled by

J. C. SMITH



OXFORD

At the Clarendon Press

1925

Oxford University Press

*London Edinburgh Glasgow Copenhagen*

*New York Toronto Melbourne Cape Town*

*Bombay Calcutta Madras Shanghai*

Humphrey Milford Publisher to the UNIVERSITY

Printed in England

## PREFACE

*A Book of Verse for Boys and Girls* was originally published in 1908. Recently, some of those who use it have asked me to bring it up to date by adding a selection of modern verse suited to my chosen audience. In this little volume I have tried to do so.

It is good for boys and girls to realize that English poetry is not a thing of the past. With the deaths of Arnold in 1888, of Browning in 1889, and of Tennyson in 1892, it seemed as if a great age of poetry was ended and Mr. Bridges alone was left to carry on the poetic tradition. 'But soon the circling night brought up next stars.' Mere meteors some of them, and quickly extinguished; but Mr. Kipling and Mr. Yeats shone on. Presently Mr. Binyon showed himself the authentic heir of the great English tradition; then, still in the 'nineties, came the bitter wisdom and exquisite form of *A Shropshire Lad*, the wonderful promise of Mr. Sturge Moore's *Vinedresser*, and—most remarkable of all—the discovery of a great poet in Mr. Hardy. With the new century new voices began to be heard. It was a decade old before, as I remember, Mr. Masfield startled the public to attention with *The Everlasting Mercy*, but some of his best poems were written much earlier. And who can forget the thrill with which he first heard the haunting

music of Mr. de la Mare ; or Mr. Davies ‘ with his note so true ’ ; or the swan-song of Flecker, dying in the East ; or Mr. Hodgson’s splendid paeon ? To the years just before the war belongs a little group of brothers-in-the-Muse—Rupert Brooke, Mr. Abercombie, and Mr. Gibson, with their American associate Mr. Frost—highly individual poets all four. And then the war came, stirring many natures to poetry that our generation can never judge of coldly. Some survived to fulfil, or not to fulfil, their promise ; but who can estimate our loss in Rupert Brooke, Wilfrid Owen, Charles Sorley, Edward Thomas ?

It is hard to select from contemporary poetry even for adult readers. Time is the best anthologist ; without his aid one easily goes astray. Still harder is it to select for boys and girls. Much modern poetry is too subjective for them, dealing in subtleties of thought and feeling that are beyond their comprehension and outside their experience. If I have succeeded at all, it has been by adhering to the principles that guided me sixteen years ago, and admitting nothing but what was simple, concrete, impassioned, excellent in form, and ‘ sounding into virtue ’.

Acknowledgements for leave to include copyright poems are due to Mr. Laurence Binyon for ‘ The Little Dancers ’ and ‘ For the Fallen ’, and for the latter also to the proprietors of *The Times* ; to Mr. Basil Blackwell for

Mrs. Fredegond Shove's 'The New Ghost'; Mr. Robert Bridges for 'Since Maurice Died', 'London Snow', and 'There is a Hill'; Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson for Mr. Edmund Blunden's 'The Poor Man's Pig'; Mr. W. H. Davies and Mr. Jonathan Cape for 'Leisure' from *Songs of Joy*; Messrs. Duckworth & Co. for Mr. Hilaire Belloc's 'The South Country'; Mr. Robert Frost for 'Mowing' and 'The Gum Gatherer'; Mr. W. W. Gibson and Messrs. Elkin Mathews for 'Flannan Isle' and 'The Stone', and the latter also for Maurice Hewlett's 'Night-Errantry'; Mr. Robert Graves and Mr. Martin Secker for 'Rocky Acres' from *Country Sentiment*, and the latter also for J. E. Flecker's 'War Song of the Saracens' and 'The Old Ships' from *Collected Poems*; Mr. Thomas Hardy for 'Friends Beyond', 'Weathers', and 'When I set out for Lyonesse'; the poet's family for Gerard Hopkins's 'Inversnaid'; Professor A. E. Housman and Mr. Grant Richards for 'Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries' from *Last Poems*, and the latter also for John Davidson's 'A Runnable Stag'; Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Messrs. Methuen & Co. for 'Sussex' from *The Five Nations*; Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for Mr. Ralph Hodgson's 'The Song of Honour'; Mr. Walter de la Mare for 'The Lady of the West Country', 'The Listeners', and 'Music'; Mr. John Masefield for 'Sea-Fever' and 'Cargoes'; Miss Charlotte Mew and the Poetry Bookshop for 'Exspecto Resurrectionem'; Mr. Wilfrid Meynell for Mrs. Meynell's 'Christ in the

Universe', and Francis Thompson's 'In No Strange Land'; Mr. Robert Nichols and Messrs. Chatto & Windus for 'At the Wars'; Mr. Siegfried Sassoon and Messrs. William Heinemann for 'Everyone Sang'; Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson for 'The Soldier' from Rupert Brooke's *Collected Poems*; Professor Sorley for Charles Sorley's 'The Ungirt Runners'; Mrs. R. A. Taylor for 'The Quietist'; Mrs. Thomas for Edward Thomas's 'Adlestrop'; and Mr. W. B. Yeats and Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin for 'The Ballad of Father Gilligan' from *Poems*.

J. C. SMITH.

# CONTENTS

|                                                               | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| War Song of the Saracens . . . . . <i>James Elroy Flecker</i> | 9    |
| A Runnable Stag . . . . . <i>John Davidson</i>                | 10   |
| Sea-Fever . . . . . <i>John Masefield</i>                     | 13   |
| Cargoes . . . . . <i>John Masefield</i>                       | 14   |
| The Old Ships . . . . . <i>James Elroy Flecker</i>            | 14   |
| The Little Dancers . . . . . <i>Laurence Binyon</i>           | 15   |
| Leisure . . . . . <i>W. H. Davies</i>                         | 16   |
| When I set out for Lyonesse . . . . . <i>Thomas Hardy</i>     | 16   |
| An Epitaph . . . . . <i>Walter de la Mare</i>                 | 17   |
| Since Maurice died . . . . . <i>Robert Bridges</i>            | 17   |
| The Stone . . . . . <i>Wilfrid Wilson Gibson</i>              | 19   |
| Friends Beyond . . . . . <i>Thomas Hardy</i>                  | 22   |
| Mowing . . . . . <i>Robert Frost</i>                          | 24   |
| The Gum-Gatherer . . . . . <i>Robert Frost</i>                | 25   |
| The Poor Man's Pig . . . . . <i>Edmund Blunden</i>            | 26   |
| Weathers . . . . . <i>Thomas Hardy</i>                        | 27   |
| There is a Hill . . . . . <i>Robert Bridges</i>               | 27   |
| London Snow . . . . . <i>Robert Bridges</i>                   | 30   |
| Rocky Acres . . . . . <i>Robert Graves</i>                    | 31   |
| Inversnaid . . . . . <i>Gerard M. Hopkins</i>                 | 32   |
| Adlestrop . . . . . <i>Edward Thomas</i>                      | 33   |
| The South Country . . . . . <i>Hilaire Belloc</i>             | 33   |
| Sussex . . . . . <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>                       | 35   |
| At the Wars . . . . . <i>Robert Nichols</i>                   | 38   |

|                                                                  | PAGE |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| The Soldier . . . . . <i>Rupert Brooke</i>                       | 40   |
| Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries<br><i>A. E. Housman</i>        | 40   |
| For the Fallen . . . . . <i>Laurence Binyon</i>                  | 41   |
| The Song of the Ungirt Runners<br><i>Charles Hamilton Sorley</i> | 42   |
| Everyone Sang . . . . . <i>Siegfried Sassoon</i>                 | 43   |
| Music . . . . . <i>Walter de la Mare</i>                         | 43   |
| The Listeners . . . . . <i>Walter de la Mare</i>                 | 44   |
| Flannan Isle . . . . . <i>Wilfrid Wilson Gibson</i>              | 45   |
| Night-Errantry . . . . . <i>Maurice Hewlett</i>                  | 48   |
| The Song of Honour . . . . . <i>Ralph Hodgson</i>                | 50   |
| Christ in the Universe . . . . . <i>Alice Meynell</i>            | 57   |
| The New Ghost . . . . . <i>Fredegond Shove</i>                   | 58   |
| The Ballad of Father Gilligan . . . . . <i>W. B. Yeats</i>       | 59   |
| The Quietist . . . . . <i>Rachael Annand Taylor</i>              | 61   |
| In no Strange Land . . . . . <i>Francis Thompson</i>             | 63   |
| Exspecto Resurrectionem . . . . . <i>Charlotte Mew</i>           | 63   |
| Dominus Illuminatio Mea . . . . . <i>R. D. Blackmore</i>         | 63   |

## *War Song of the Saracens*

WE are they who come faster than fate : we are they who  
ride early or late :

We storm at your ivory gate : Pale Kings of the Sunset,  
beware !

Not on silk nor in samet we lie, not in curtained solemnity  
die

Among women who chatter and cry, and children who  
mumble a prayer.

But we sleep by the ropes of the camp, and we rise with  
a shout, and we tramp

With the sun or the moon for a lamp, and the spray of the  
wind in our hair.

From the lands, where the elephants are, to the forts of  
Merou and Balghar,

Our steel we have brought and our star to shine on the  
ruins of Rum.

We have marched from the Indus to Spain, and by God  
we will go there again ;

We have stood on the shore of the plain where the Waters  
of Destiny boom.

A mart of destruction we made at Jalula where men were  
afraid,

For death was a difficult trade, and the sword was a broker  
of doom ;

And the Spear was a Desert Physician who cured not  
a few of ambition,

And drave not a few to perdition with medicine bitter  
and strong :

samet] rich silk.

Rum] Rome.

And the shield was a grief to the fool and as bright as  
 a desolate pool,  
 And as straight as the rock of Stamboul when their  
 cavalry thundered along :  
 For the coward was drowned with the brave when our  
 battle sheered up like a wave,  
 And the dead to the desert we gave, and the glory to God  
 in our song.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

### *A Runnable Stag*

WHEN the pods went pop on the broom, green broom,  
 And apples began to be golden-skinned,  
 We harboured a stag in the Priory coomb,  
 And we feathered his trail up-wind, up-wind,  
 We feathered his trail up-wind—  
 A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,  
 A runnable stag, a kingly crop,  
 Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
 A stag, a runnable stag.

Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap, yap,  
 And ' Forwards ' we heard the harbourer shout ;  
 But 'twas only a brochet that broke a gap  
 In the beechen underwood, driven out,  
 From the underwood antlered out  
 By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,  
 The runnable stag, whose lordly mind  
 Was bent on sleep, though beamed and tined  
 He stood, a runnable stag.

harboured] tracked to covert. coomb] deep glen. Brow,  
 bay and tray] the first, second, and third antlers. brochet] stag  
 in his second year. beamed and tined] The stag's horn consists  
 of a ' beam ' or stem, with ' tines ' or prongs.

So we tufted the covert till afternoon  
With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North ;  
And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune  
Before we tufted the right stag forth,  
Before we tufted him forth,  
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,  
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,  
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
The royal and runnable stag.

It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman's Pup  
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.  
'Tally ho ! tally ho !' and the hunt was up,  
The tufters whipped and the pack laid on,  
The resolute pack laid on,  
And the stag of warrant away at last,  
The runnable stag, the same, the same,  
His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,  
A stag, a runnable stag.

'Let your gelding be : if you check or chide  
He stumbles at once and you're out of the hunt ;  
For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,  
On hunters accustomed to bear the brunt,  
Accustomed to bear the brunt,  
Are after the runnable stag, the stag,  
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,  
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,  
The right, the runnable stag.'

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,  
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,  
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,  
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,  
The quarry went right ahead—

Ahead, ahead, and fast and far ;  
His antlered crest, his cloven hoof,  
Brow, bay and tray and three aloof,  
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more,  
By the densest hedge and the highest wall,  
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore  
Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds and all,  
Of harbourer, hounds and all—  
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,  
For twenty miles, and five and five,  
He ran, and he never was caught alive,  
This stag, this runnable stag.

When he turned at bay in the leafy gloom,  
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep,  
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,  
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep,  
In a wonderful vision of sleep,  
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,  
A runnable stag in a jewelled bed,  
Under the sheltering ocean dead,  
A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,  
And he opened his nostrils wide again,  
And he tossed his branching antlers high  
As he headed the hunt down the Charlock glen,  
As he raced down the echoing glen  
For five miles more, the stag, the stag,  
For twenty miles, and five and five,  
Not to be caught now, dead or alive,  
The stag, the runnable stag.

Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,  
Three hundred horses as gallant and free,  
Beheld him escape on the evening tide,  
Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea,  
Till he sank in the depths of the sea—  
The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag  
That slept at last in a jewelled bed  
Under the sheltering ocean spread,  
The stag, the runnable stag.

JOHN DAVIDSON

*Sea-Fever*

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the  
sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white  
sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.  
I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the  
running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied ;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-  
gulls crying.  
I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's  
like a whetted knife ;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's  
over.

JOHN MASEFIELD

*Cargoes*

QUINQUIREME of Nineveh from distant Ophir  
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,  
With a cargo of ivory,  
And apes and peacocks,  
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,  
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,  
With a cargo of diamonds,  
Emeralds, amethysts,  
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,  
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,  
With a cargo of Tyne coal,  
Road-rail, pig-lead,  
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

JOHN MASEFIELD

*The Old Ships*

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep  
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,  
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep  
For Famagusta and the hidden sun  
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire ;  
And all those ships were certainly so old  
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,  
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,  
The pirate Genoese  
Hell-raked them till they rolled

Quinquireme] galley with five banks of oars.

Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.  
But now through friendly seas they softly run,  
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,  
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen,  
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn  
An image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,  
A drowsy ship of some yet older day ;  
And, wonder's breath indrawn,  
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same  
(Fished up beyond Aeaëa, patched up new  
—Stern painted brighter blue—)  
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came  
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)  
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,  
And with great lies about his wooden horse  
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.  
It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows ?  
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain  
To see the mast burst open with a rose,  
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

### *The Little Dancers*

LONELY, save for a few faint stars, the sky  
Dreams ; and lonely, below, the little street  
Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.  
Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat ;  
And all is dark, save where come flooding rays  
From a tavern window ; there, to the brisk measure  
Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays,

Aeaëa] Circe's isle.

That . . . seaman] Odysseus.

Two children, all alone and no one by,  
 Holding their tattered frocks, through an airy maze  
 Of motion, lightly threaded with nimble feet,  
 Dance sedately : face to face they gaze,  
 Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure.

LAURENCE BINYON

### *Leisure*

WHAT is this life if, full of care,  
 We have no time to stand and stare.  
 No time to stand beneath the boughs  
 And stare as long as sheep or cows.  
 No time to see, when woods we pass,  
 Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.  
 No time to see, in broad daylight,  
 Streams full of stars, like skies at night.  
 No time to turn at Beauty's glance,  
 And watch her feet, how they can dance.  
 No time to wait till her mouth can  
 Enrich that smile her eyes began.  
 A poor life this if, full of care,  
 We have no time to stand and stare.

W. H. DAVIES

### *' When I set out for Lyonesse '*

WHEN I set out for Lyonesse,  
 A hundred miles away,  
 The rime was on the spray,  
 And starlight lit my lonesomeness  
 When I set out for Lyonesse  
 A hundred miles away.

What would bechance at Lyonesse  
While I should sojourn there  
No prophet durst declare,  
Nor did the wisest wizard guess  
What would bechance at Lyonesse  
While I should sojourn there.

When I came back from Lyonesse  
With magic in my eyes,  
All marked with mute surmise  
My radiance rare and fathomless,  
When I came back from Lyonesse  
With magic in my eyes !

THOMAS HARDY

### *An Epitaph*

HERE lies a most beautiful lady,  
Light of step and heart was she ;  
I think she was the most beautiful lady  
That ever was in the West Country.  
But beauty vanishes ; beauty passes ;  
However rare—rare it be ;  
And when I crumble, who will remember  
This lady of the West Country ?

WALTER DE LA MARE

### *' Since Maurice died '*

I NEVER shall love the snow again  
Since Maurice died :  
With corniced drift it blocked the lane,  
And sheeted in a desolate plain  
The country side.

The trees with silvery rime bedight  
    Their branches bare.

By day no sun appeared ; by night  
The hidden moon shed thievish light  
    In the misty air.

We fed the birds that flew around  
    In flocks to be fed :  
No shelter in holly or brake they found.  
The speckled thrush on the frozen ground  
    Lay frozen and dead.

We skated on stream and pond ; we cut  
    The crinching snow  
To Doric temple or Arctic hut ;  
We laughed and sang at nightfall, shut  
    By the fireside glow.

Yet grudged we our keen delights before  
    Maurice should come.

We said, In-door or out-of-door  
We shall love life for a month or more,  
    When he is home.

They brought him home ; 'twas two days late  
    For Christmas day :  
Wrapped in white, in solemn state,  
A flower in his hand, all still and straight  
    Our Maurice lay.

And two days ere the year outgave  
    We laid him low.  
The best of us truly were not brave,  
When we laid Maurice down in his grave  
    Under the snow.

*The Stone*

‘ AND will you cut a stone for him,  
To set above his head ?  
And will you cut a stone for him—  
A stone for him ? ’ she said.

Three days before, a splintered rock  
Had struck her lover dead—  
Had struck him in the quarry dead,  
Where, careless of the warning call,  
He loitered, while the shot was fired—  
A lively stripling, brave and tall,  
And sure of all his heart desired . . .  
A flash, a shock,  
A rumbling fall . . .  
And, broken ’neath the broken rock,  
A lifeless heap, with face of clay,  
And still as any stone he lay,  
With eyes that saw the end of all.

I went to break the news to her :  
And I could hear my own heart beat  
With dread of what my lips might say ,  
But some poor fool had sped before ;  
And, flinging wide her father’s door,  
Had blurted out the news to her,  
And struck her lover dead for her,  
Had struck the girl’s heart dead in her,  
Had struck life, lifeless, at a word,  
And dropped it at her feet :  
Then hurried on his witless way,  
Scarce knowing she had heard.

And when I came, she stood alone—  
A woman, turned to stone :  
And, though no word at all she said,  
I knew that all was known.

Because her heart was dead,  
She did not sigh nor moan.  
His mother wept :  
She could not weep.  
Her lover slept :  
She could not sleep.  
Three days, three nights,  
She did not stir :  
Three days, three nights,  
Were one to her,  
Who never closed her eyes  
From sunset to sunrise,  
From dawn to evenfall—  
Her tearless, staring eyes,  
That, seeing naught, saw all.

The fourth night when I came from work,  
I found her at my door.

‘ And will you cut a stone for him ? ’

She said : and spoke no more :

But followed me, as I went in,

And sank upon a chair ;

And fixed her grey eyes on my face,

With still, unseeing stare.

And, as she waited patiently,

I could not bear to feel

Those still, grey eyes that followed me,

Those eyes that plucked the heart from me,

Those eyes that sucked the breath from me  
And curdled the warm blood in me,  
Those eyes that cut me to the bone,  
And pierced my marrow like cold steel.

And so I rose, and sought a stone ;  
And cut it, smooth and square :  
And, as I worked, she sat and watched,  
Beside me, in her chair.  
Night after night, by candlelight,  
I cut her lover's name :  
Night after night, so still and white,  
And like a ghost she came ;  
And sat beside me, in her chair,  
And watched with eyes aflame.

She eyed each stroke,  
And hardly stirred :  
She never spoke  
A single word :  
And not a sound or murmur broke  
The quiet, save the mallet-stroke.

With still eyes ever on my hands,  
With eyes that seemed to burn my hands,  
My wincing, overwearied hands,  
She watched, with bloodless lips apart,  
And silent, indrawn breath :  
And every stroke my chisel cut,  
Death cut still deeper in her heart :  
The two of us were chiselling,  
Together, I and death.

And when at length the job was done,  
 And I had laid the mallet by,  
 As if, at last, her peace were won,  
 She breathed his name ; and, with a sigh,  
 Passed slowly through the open door :  
 And never crossed my threshold more.

Next night I laboured late, alone,  
 To cut her name upon the stone.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

### *Friends Beyond*

WILLIAM DEWY, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at  
 plough,

Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,  
 And the Squire, and Lady Susan, lie in Mellstock church-  
 yard now !

' Gone ', I call them, gone for good, that group of local  
 hearts and heads ;

Yet at mothy curfew-tide,  
 And at midnight when the noon-heat breathes it back  
 from walls and leads,

They've a way of whispering to me—fellow-wight who  
 yet abide—

In the muted, measured note  
 Of a ripple under archways, or a lone cave's stillicide :

' We have triumphed : this achievement turns the bane  
 to antidote,

Unsuccesses to success,  
 Many thought-worn eves and morrows to a morrow free of  
 thought.

Tranter] Carrier.

stillicide] fall of drops.

‘No more need we corn and clothing, feel of old terrestrial stress ;

Chill detraction stirs no sigh ;

Fear of death has even bygone us : death gave all that we possess.’

*W. D.*—‘Ye mid burn the old bass-viol that I set such value by.’

*Squire.*—‘You may hold the manse in fee,

You may wed my spouse, may let my children’s memory of me die.’

*Lady S.*—‘You may have my rich brocades, my laces ; take each household key ;

Ransack coffer, desk, bureau ;

Quiz the few poor treasures hid there, con the letters kept by me.’

*Far.*—‘Ye mid zell my favourite heifer, ye mid let the charlock grow,

Foul the grinterns, give up thrift.’

*Far. Wife.*—‘If ye break my best blue china, children, I shan’t care or ho.’

*All.*—‘We’ve no wish to hear the tidings, how the people’s fortunes shift ;

What your daily doings are ;

Who are wedded, born, divided ; if your lives beat slow or swift.

‘Curious not the least are we if our intents you make or mar,

If you quire to our old tune,

If the City stage still passes, if the weirs still roar afar.’

mid] may.      grinterns] compartments of a granary.  
ho] heed.

—Thus, with very gods' composure, freed those crosses  
late and soon

Which, in life, the Trine allow  
(Why, none witteth), and ignoring all that haps beneath  
the moon,

William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at  
plough,

Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,  
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, murmur mildly to me  
now.

THOMAS HARDY

### *Mowing*

THERE was never a sound beside the wood but one,  
And that was my long scythe whispering to the ground.  
What was it it whispered? I knew not well myself;  
Perhaps it was something about the heat of the sun,  
Something, perhaps, about the lack of sound—  
And that was why it whispered and did not speak.  
It was no dream of the gift of idle hours,  
Or easy gold at the hand of fay or elf:  
Anything more than the truth would have seemed too  
weak

To the earnest love that laid the swale in rows,  
Not without feeble-pointed spikes of flowers  
(Pale orchises), and scared a bright green snake.  
The fact is the sweetest dream that labour knows.  
My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make.

ROBERT FROST

*The Gum-Gatherer*

THERE overtook me and drew me in  
To his down-hill, early-morning stride,  
And set me five miles on my road  
Better than if he had had me ride,  
A man with a swinging bag for load  
And half the bag wound round his hand.  
We talked like barking above the din  
Of water we walked along beside.  
And for my telling him where I'd been  
And where I lived in mountain land  
To be coming home the way I was,  
He told me a little about himself.  
He came from higher up in the pass  
Where the grist of the new-beginning brooks  
Is blocks split off the mountain mass—  
And hopeless grist enough it looks  
Ever to grind to soil for grass.  
(The way it is will do for moss.)  
There he had built his stolen shack.  
It had to be a stolen shack  
Because of the fears of fire and loss  
That trouble the sleep of lumber folk :  
Visions of half the world burned black  
And the sun shrunken yellow in smoke.  
We know who when they come to town  
Bring berries under the wagon seat,  
Or a basket of eggs between their feet ;  
What this man brought in a cotton sack  
Was gum, the gum of the mountain spruce.  
He showed me lumps of the scented stuff  
Like uncut jewels, dull and rough.

It comes to market golden brown ;  
But turns to pink between the teeth.

I told him this is a pleasant life  
To set your breast to the bark of trees  
That all your days are dim beneath,  
And reaching up with a little knife,  
To loose the resin and take it down  
And bring it to market when you please.

ROBERT FROST

### *The Poor Man's Pig*

ALREADY fallen plum-bloom stars the green  
And apple-boughs as knarred as old toads' backs  
Wear their small roses ere a rose is seen ;  
The building thrush watches old Job who stacks  
The bright-peeled osiers on the sunny fence,  
The pent sow grunts to hear him stumping by,  
And tries to push the bolt and scamper thence,  
But her ringed snout still keeps her to the sty.  
Then out he lets her run ; away she snorts  
In bundling gallop for the cottage door,  
With hungry hubbub begging crusts and orts,  
Then like the whirlwind bumping round once more ;  
Nuzzling the dog, making the pullets run,  
And sulky as a child when her play 's done.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

orts] scraps.

*Weathers*

THIS is the weather the cuckoo likes,  
And so do I ;  
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,  
And nestlings fly :  
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,  
And they sit outside at ' The Travellers' Rest ',  
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,  
And citizens dream of the south and west,  
And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,  
And so do I ;  
When beeches drip in browns and duns,  
And thresh, and ply ;  
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,  
And meadow rivulets overflow,  
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,  
And rooks in families homeward go,  
And so do I.

THOMAS HARDY

*There is a Hill*

THERE is a hill beside the silver Thames,  
Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine :  
And brilliant underfoot with thousand gems  
Steeply the thickets to his floods decline.  
Straight trees in every place  
Their thick tops interlace,  
And pendant branches trail their foliage fine  
Upon his watery face.

Swift from the sweltering pasturage he flows :  
His stream, alert to seek the pleasant shade,  
Pictures his gentle purpose, as he goes  
Straight to the caverned pool his toil has made.

His winter floods lay bare  
The stout roots in the air :  
His summer streams are cool, when they have played  
Among their fibrous hair.

A rushy island guards the sacred bower,  
And hides it from the meadow, where in peace  
The lazy cows wrench many a scented flower,  
Robbing the golden market of the bees :

And laden barges float  
By banks of myosote ;  
And scented flag and golden flower-de-lys  
Delay the loitering boat.

And on this side the island, where the pool  
Eddies away, are tangled mass on mass  
The water-weeds, that net the fishes cool,  
And scarce allow a narrow stream to pass ;  
Where spreading crowfoot mars  
The drowning nenuphars,  
Waving the tassels of her silken grass  
Below her silver stars.

But in the purple pool there nothing grows,  
Not the white water-lily spoked with gold ;  
Though best she loves the hollows, and well knows  
On quiet streams her broad shields to unfold :  
Yet should her roots but try  
Within these deeps to lie,  
Not her long reaching stalk could ever hold  
Her waxen head so high.

myosote] forget-me-not.

nenuphars] water-lilies.

Sometimes an angler comes, and drops his hook  
Within its hidden depths, and 'gainst a tree  
Leaning his rod, reads in some pleasant book,  
Forgetting soon his pride of fishery ;

And dreams, or falls asleep,  
While curious fishes peep  
About his nibbled bait, or scornfully  
Dart off and rise and leap.

And sometimes a slow figure 'neath the trees,  
In ancient-fashioned smock, with tottering care  
Upon a staff propping his weary knees,  
May by the pathway of the forest fare :

As from a buried day  
Across the mind will stray  
Some perishing mute shadow,—and unaware  
He passeth on his way.

Else, he that wishes solitude is safe,  
Whether he bathe at morning in the stream :  
Or lead his love there when the hot hours chafe  
The meadows, busy with a blurring steam ;  
Or watch, as fades the light,  
The gibbous moon grow bright,  
Until her magic rays dance in a dream,  
And glorify the night.

Where is this bower beside the silver Thames ?  
O pool and flowery thickets, hear my vow !  
O trees of freshest foliage and straight stems,  
No sharer of my secret I allow :  
Lest ere I come the while  
Strange feet your shades defile ;  
Or lest the burly oarsman turn his prow  
Within your guardian isle.

*London Snow*

WHEN men were all asleep the snow came flying,  
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,  
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying,  
Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town ;  
Deadenng, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing ;  
Lazily and incessantly floating down and down :

Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and railing ;  
Hiding difference, making unevenness even,  
Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing.

All night it fell, and when full inches seven  
It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,  
The clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven ;

And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed brightness  
Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare :  
The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling whiteness ;

The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn air ;  
No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling,  
And the busy morning cries came thin and spare.

Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling,  
They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze  
Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snowballing ;

Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees ;  
Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder,  
' O look at the trees ! ' they cried, ' O look at the trees ! '

With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder,  
Following along the white deserted way,  
A country company long dispersed asunder :

When now already the sun, in pale display  
Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth below  
His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.

For now doors open, and war is waged with the snow ;  
And trains of sombre men, past tale of number,  
Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they go :

But even for them awhile no cares encumber  
Their minds diverted ; the daily word is unspoken,  
The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber  
At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the charm  
they have broken.

ROBERT BRIDGES

### *Rocky Acres*

THIS is a wild land, country of my choice,  
With harsh craggy mountain, moor ample and bare.  
Seldom in these acres is heard any voice  
But voice of cold water that runs here and there  
Through rocks and lank heather growing without care.  
No mice in the heath run nor no birds cry  
For fear of the dark speck that floats in the sky.

He soars and he hovers rocking on his wings,  
He scans his wide parish with a sharp eye,  
He catches the trembling of small hidden things,  
He tears them in pieces, dropping from the sky :  
Tenderness and pity the land will deny,  
Where life is but nourished from water and rock  
A hardy adventure, full of fear and shock.

Time has never journeyed to this lost land,  
Crakeberries and heather bloom out of date,  
The rocks jut, the streams flow singing on either hand,  
Careless if the season be early or late.

The skies wander overhead, now blue, now slate :  
Winter would be known by his cold cutting snow  
If June did not borrow his armour also.

Yet this is my country beloved by me best,  
 The first land that rose from Chaos and the Flood,  
 Nursing no fat valleys for comfort and rest,  
 Trampled by no hard hooves, stained with no blood.  
 Bold immortal country whose hill tops have stood  
 Strongholds for the proud gods when on earth they go,  
 Terror for fat burghers in far plains below.

ROBERT GRAVES

### *Inversnaid*

THIS darksome burn, horseback brown,  
 His rollrock highroad roaring down,  
 In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam  
 Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

A windpuff-bonnet of fawn-froth  
 Turns and twindles over the broth  
 Of a pool so pitchblack, fell-frowning,  
 It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.

Degged with dew, dappled with dew  
 Are the groins of the braes that the brook treads through,  
 Wiry heathpacks, flitches of fern,  
 And the beadbonny ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once bereft  
 Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,  
 O let them be left, wildness and wet ;  
 Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

GERARD M. HOPKINS

twindles] twirls

Degged] wetted.

*Adlestrop*

YES. I remember Adlestrop—  
The name, because one afternoon  
Of heat the express-train drew up there  
Unwontedly. It was late June.  
The steam hissed. Some one cleared his throat.  
No one left and no one came  
On the bare platform. What I saw  
Was Adlestrop—only the name  
And willows, willow-herb, and grass,  
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,  
No whit less still and lonely fair  
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.  
And for that minute a blackbird sang  
Close by, and round him, mistier,  
Farther and farther, all the birds  
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

EDWARD THOMAS

*The South Country*

WHEN I am living in the Midlands  
That are sodden and unkind,  
I light my lamp in the evening :  
My work is left behind ;  
And the great hills of the South Country  
Come back into my mind.  
The great hills of the South Country  
They stand along the sea ;  
And it's there walking in the high woods  
That I could wish to be,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England  
I saw them for a day :  
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,  
Their skies are fast and grey ;  
From their castle-walls a man may see  
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England  
They see the Severn strong,  
A-rolling on rough water brown  
Light aspen leaves along.  
They have the secret of the Rocks,  
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country  
Are the kindest and most wise,  
They get their laughter from the loud surf,  
And the faith in their happy eyes  
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring  
When over the sea she flies ;  
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,  
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines  
But I smell the Sussex air ;  
Nor I never come on a belt of sand  
But my home is there.  
And along the sky the line of the Downs  
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,  
Nor a broken thing mend :  
And I fear I shall be all alone  
When I get towards the end.  
Who will there be to comfort me  
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends  
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,  
They watch the stars from silent folds,  
They stiffly plough the field.  
By them and the God of the South Country  
My poor soul shall be healed.  
If I ever become a rich man,  
Or if ever I grow to be old,  
I will build a house with deep thatch  
To shelter me from the cold,  
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung  
And the story of Sussex told.  
I will hold my house in the high wood  
Within a walk of the sea,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Shall sit and drink with me.

HILAIRE BELLOC

*Sussex*

God gave all men all earth to love,  
But since our hearts are small,  
Ordained for each one spot should prove  
Belovèd over all ;  
That, as He watched Creation's birth,  
So we, in godlike mood,  
May of our love create our earth  
And see that it is good.  
So one shall Baltic pines content,  
As one some Surrey glade,  
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament  
Before Levuka's Trade.

Levuka] one of the Fiji Islands.

Trade] Trade-wind.

Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea !

No tender-hearted garden crowns,  
No bosomed woods adorn  
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,  
But gnarled and writhen thorn—  
Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,  
And, through the gaps revealed,  
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim  
Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,  
Half-wild and wholly tame,  
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge  
As when the Romans came.  
What sign of those that fought and died  
At shift of sword and sword ?  
The barrow and the camp abide,  
The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west  
All heavy-winged with brine,  
Here lies above the folded crest  
The Channel's leaden line ;  
And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,  
And here, each warning each,  
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring  
Along the hidden beach.

We have no waters to delight  
Our broad and brookless vales—  
Only the dewpond on the height,  
Unfed, that never fails—

Whereby no tattered herbage tells  
Which way the season flies—  
Only our close-bit thyme that smells  
Like dawn in Paradise.

Here through the strong and shadeless days  
The tinkling silence thrills ;  
Or little, lost, Down churches praise  
The Lord who made the hills :  
But here the Old Gods guard their round,  
And, in her secret heart,  
The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found  
Dreams, as she dwells, apart.

Though all the rest were all my share,  
With equal soul I'd see  
Her nine-and-thirty sisters fair,  
Yet none more fair than she.  
Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed  
And I will choose instead  
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye,  
Black Down and Beachy Head.

I will go out against the sun  
Where the rolled scarp retires,  
And the Long Man of Wilmington  
Looks naked toward the shires ;  
And east till doubling Rother crawls  
To find the fickle tide,  
By dry and sea-forgotten walls,  
Our ports of stranded pride.

I will go north about the shaws  
And the deep ghylls that breed  
Huge oaks and old, the which we hold  
No more than Sussex weed ;  
shaws] woods.                      ghylls] glens.

Or south where windy Piddinghoe's  
 Begilded dolphin veers,  
 And black beside wide-bankèd Ouse  
 Lie down our Sussex steers.

So to the land our hearts we give  
 Till the sure magic strike,  
 And Memory, Use, and Love make live  
 Us and our fields alike—  
 That deeper than our speech and thought,  
 Beyond our reason's sway,  
 Clay of the pit whence we were wrought  
 Yearns to its fellow-clay.

*God gives all men all earth to love,  
 But since man's heart is small,  
 Ordains for each one spot shall prove  
 Belovèd over all.*

*Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
 The lot has fallen to me  
 In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
 Yea, Sussex by the sea !*

RUDYARD KIPLING

### *At the Wars*

Now that I am ta'en away,  
 And may not see another day,  
 What is it to my eye appears?  
 What sound rings in my stricken ears?  
 Not even the voice of any friend  
 Or eyes beloved-world-without-end,  
 But scenes and sounds of the countryside  
 In far England across the tide :

An upland field when Spring's begun,  
Mellow beneath the evening sun. . . .  
A circle of loose and lichen'd wall  
Over which seven red pines fall. . . .  
An orchard of wizen blossoming trees  
Wherein the nesting chaffinches  
Begin again the self-same song  
All the late April day-time long. . . .  
Paths that lead a shelving course  
Between the chalk scarp and the gorse  
By English downs ; and, O ! too well  
I hear the hidden, clanking bell  
Of wandering sheep . . . I see the brown  
Twilight of the huge empty down. . . .  
Soon blotted out ! for now a lane  
Glitters with warmth of May-time rain,  
And on a shooting briar I see  
A yellow bird who sings to me.

O yellow-hammer, once I heard  
Thy yaffle when no other bird  
Could to my sunk heart comfort bring ;  
But now I would not have thee sing,  
So sharp thy note is with the pain  
Of England I may not see again !  
Yet sing thy song : there answereth  
Deep in me a voice which saith :  
*' The gorse upon the twilit down,  
The English loam so sunset brown,  
The bowed pines and the sheep-bells' clamour,  
The wet, lit lane and the yellow-hammer,*

yaffle] Here used of the yellow-hammer's note.

*The orchard and the chaffinch song,  
Only to the Brave belong.  
And he shall lose their joy for aye  
If their price he cannot pay,  
Who shall find them dearer far  
Enriched by blood after long War?*

ROBERT NICHOLS

### *The Soldier*

IF I should die, think only this of me :  
That there 's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.  
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England  
given ;  
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;  
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

RUPERT BROOKE

### *Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries*

THESE, in the day when heaven was falling,  
The hour when earth's foundations fled,  
Followed their mercenary calling  
And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended ;  
They stood, and earth's foundations stay ;  
What God abandoned, these defended,  
And saved the sum of things for pay.

A. E. HOUSMAN

*For the Fallen*

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,  
England mourns for her dead across the sea.  
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,  
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill : Death august and royal  
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.  
There is music in the midst of desolation  
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,  
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.  
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old :  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again ;  
They sit no more at familiar tables of home ;  
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time ;  
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,  
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,  
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known  
As the stars are known to the Night.

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,  
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,  
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,  
To the end, to the end, they remain.

LAURENCE BINYON

*The Song of the Ungirt Runners*

WE swing ungirded hips,  
And lightened are our eyes,  
The rain is on our lips,  
We do not run for prize.  
We know not whom we trust  
Nor whitherward we fare,  
But we run because we must  
Through the great wide air.

The waters of the seas  
Are troubled as by storm.  
The tempest strips the trees  
And does not leave them warm.  
Does the tearing tempest pause?  
Do the tree-tops ask it why?  
So we run without a cause  
'Neath the big bare sky.

The rain is on our lips,  
We do not run for prize.  
But the storm the water whips  
And the wave howls to the skies.  
The winds arise and strike it  
And scatter it like sand,  
And we run because we like it  
Through the broad bright land.

CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY

*Everyone Sang*

EVERYONE suddenly burst out singing ;  
And I was filled with such delight  
As prisoned birds must find in freedom  
Winging wildly across the white  
Orchards and dark green fields ; on ; on ; and out of  
sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted,  
And beauty came like the setting sun.  
My heart was shaken with tears and horror  
Drifted away . . . O but every one  
Was a bird ; and the song was wordless ; the singing will  
never be done. ,

SIEGFRIED SASOON

*Music*

WHEN music sounds, gone is the earth I know,  
And all her lovely things even lovelier grow ;  
Her flowers in vision flame, her forest trees  
Lift burdened branches, stilled with ecstasies.

When music sounds, out of the water rise  
Naiads whose beauty dims my waking eyes,  
Rapt in strange dream burns each enchanted face,  
With solemn echoing stirs their dwelling-place.

When music sounds, all that I was I am  
Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came ;  
And from Time's woods break into distant song  
The swift-winged hours, as I hasten along.

WALTER DE LA MARE

*The Listeners*

‘Is there anybody there?’ said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
Of the forest’s ferny floor:  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller’s head:  
And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
‘Is there anybody there?’ he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Lean’d over and look’d into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller’s call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
‘Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
‘Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word,’ he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:

Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone, ○  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

WALTER DE LA MARE

### *Flannan Isle*

‘THOUGH three men dwell on Flannan Isle  
To keep the lamp alight,  
As we steered under the lee, we caught  
No glimmer through the night.’

A passing ship at dawn had brought  
The news ; and quickly we set sail,  
To find out what strange thing might ail  
The keepers of the deep-sea light.

The Winter day broke blue and bright,  
With glancing sun and glancing spray,  
While o’er the swell our boat made way,  
As gallant as a gull in flight.

But as we neared the lonely Isle,  
And looked up at the naked height,  
And saw the lighthouse towering white,  
With blinded lantern, that all night  
Had never shot a spark  
Of comfort through the dark,  
So ghostly in the cold sunlight  
It seemed, that we were struck the while  
With wonder all too dread for words.

And as into the tiny creek  
We stole beneath the hanging crag,

We saw three queer, black, ugly birds—  
Too big, by far, in my belief,  
For cormorant or shag—  
Like seamen sitting bolt-upright  
Upon a half-tide reef :  
But, as we neared, they plunged from sight,  
Without a sound, or spurt of white.

And still too mazed to speak,  
We landed ; and made fast the boat ;  
And climbed the track in single file,  
Each wishing he were safe afloat,  
On any sea, however far,  
So it be far from Flannan Isle :  
And still we seemed to climb, and climb,  
As though we'd lost all count of time,  
And so must climb for evermore.  
Yet, all too soon, we reached the door—  
The black, sun-blistered lighthouse-door,  
That gaped for us ajar.

As, on the threshold, for a spell,  
We paused, we seemed to breathe the smell  
Of limewash and of tar,  
Familiar as our daily breath,  
As though 'twere some strange scent of death :  
And so, yet wondering, side by side,  
We stood a moment, still tongue-tied :  
And each with black foreboding eyed  
The door, ere we should fling it wide,  
To leave the sunlight for the gloom :  
Till, plucking courage up, at last,  
Hard on each other's heels we passed,  
Into the living-room.

Yet, as we crowded through the door,  
We only saw a table, spread  
For dinner, meat and cheese and bread ;  
But, all untouched ; and no one there :  
As though, when they sat down to eat,  
Ere they could even taste,  
Alarm had come ; and they in haste  
Had risen and left the bread and meat :  
For at the table-head a chair  
Lay tumbled on the floor.

- We listened ; but we only heard  
The feeble cheeping of a bird  
That starved upon its perch :  
And, listening still, without a word,  
We set about our hopeless search.

We hunted high, we hunted low ;  
And soon ransacked the empty house ;  
Then o'er the Island, to and fro,  
We ranged, to listen and to look  
In every cranny, cleft or nook  
That might have hid a bird or mouse :  
But, though we searched from shore to shore,  
We found no sign in any place :  
And soon again stood face to face  
Before the gaping door :  
And stole into the room once more  
As frightened children steal.

Ay : though we hunted high and low,  
And hunted everywhere,  
Of the three men's fate we found no trace  
Of any kind in any place,  
But a door ajar, and an untouched meal,  
And an overtoppled chair.

And as we listened in the gloom  
Of that forsaken living-room—  
A chill clutch on our breath—  
We thought how ill-chance came to all  
Who kept the Flannan Light :  
And how the rock had been the death  
Of many a likely lad :  
How six had come to a sudden end,  
And three had gone stark mad ;  
And one whom we'd all known as friend  
Had leapt from the lantern one still night,  
And fallen dead by the lighthouse wall :  
And long we thought  
On the three we sought,  
And of what might yet befall.

Like curs a glance has brought to heel,  
We listened, flinching there :  
And looked, and looked, on the untouched meal,  
And the overtoppled chair.

We seemed to stand for an endless while,  
Though still no word was said,  
Three men alive on Flannan Isle,  
Who thought on three men dead.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

### *Night-Errantry*

THREE long breaths of the blessed night  
And I am fast asleep ;  
No need to read by candle-light  
Or count a flock of sheep.

Deep, deep I lie as any dead,  
Save my breath comes and goes ;  
The holy dark is like a bed  
With violet curtains close.

And while enfolded I lie there  
Until the dawn of day,  
My body is the prisoner,  
My soul slips out to play.

A-tiptoe on the window-sill  
He listens like a mouse,  
The calling wind blows from the hill  
And circles round the house.

Above the voices of the town  
It whispers in the tree,  
And brings the message of the Down :  
'Tis there my soul would be.

Then while enchain'd my body lies  
Like a dead man in grave,  
Thither on trackless feet he hies,  
On wings that make no wave.

The dawn comes out in cold gray sark  
And finds him flitting there  
Among the creatures of the dark,  
Vixen and brock and hare.

O wild white face that 's none of mine,  
O eager eyes unknown,  
What will you do with Proserpine,  
And what shall I, alone?

brock] badger.

O flying feet, O naked sides,  
O tresses flowing free,  
And are you his that all day bides  
So soberly in me?

The sun streams up behind the hill  
And strikes the window-pane ;  
The empty land lies hot and still,  
And I am I again.

MAURICE HEWLETT

### *The Song of Honour*

I CLIMBED a hill as light fell short,  
And rooks came home in scramble sort,  
And filled the trees and flapped and fought  
And sang themselves to sleep ;  
An owl from nowhere with no sound  
Swung by and soon was nowhere found,  
I heard him calling half-way round,  
Holloing loud and deep ;  
A pair of stars, faint pins of light,  
Then many a star, sailed into sight,  
And all the stars, the flower of night,  
Were round me at a leap ;  
To tell how still the valleys lay  
I heard a watchdog miles away,  
And bells of distant sheep.

I heard no more of bird or bell,  
The mastiff in a slumber fell,  
I stared into the sky,  
As wondering men have always done  
Since beauty and the stars were one,  
Though none so hard as I,

It seemed, so still the valleys were,  
As if the whole world knelt at prayer,  
Save me and me alone ;  
So pure and wide that silence was  
I feared to bend a blade of grass,  
And there I stood like stone.

There, sharp and sudden, there I heard—

*Ah ! some wild lovesick singing bird  
Woke singing in the trees ?  
The nightingale and babble-wren,  
Were in the English greenwood then,  
And you heard one of these ?*

The babble-wren and nightingale  
Sang in the Abyssinian vale  
That season of the year !  
Yet, true enough, I heard them plain,  
I heard them both again, again,  
As sharp and sweet and clear  
As if the Abyssinian tree  
Had thrust a bough across the sea,  
Had thrust a bough across to me  
With music for my ear !

I heard them both, and oh ! I heard  
The song of every singing bird  
That sings beneath the sky,  
And with the song of lark and wren  
The song of mountains, moths and men  
And seas and rainbows vie !

I heard the universal choir,  
The Sons of Light exalt their Sire

With universal song,  
Earth's lowliest and loudest notes,  
Her million times ten million throats  
Exalt Him loud and long,  
And lips and lungs and tongues of Grace  
From every part and every place  
Within the shining of His face,  
The universal throng.

I heard the hymn of being sound  
From every well of honour found  
In human sense and soul :  
The song of poets when they write  
The testament of Beautysprite  
Upon a flying scroll,  
The song of painters when they take  
A burning brush for Beauty's sake  
And limn her features whole—

The song of men divinely wise  
Who look and see in starry skies  
Not stars so much as robins' eyes,  
And when these pale away  
Hear flocks of shiny pleiades  
Among the plums and apple trees  
Sing in the summer day—

The song of all both high and low  
To some blest vision true,  
The song of beggars when they throw  
The crust of pity all men owe  
To hungry sparrows in the snow,  
Old beggars hungry too—  
The song of kings of kingdoms when  
They rise above their fortune Men,  
And crown themselves anew—

The song of courage, heart and will  
And gladness in a fight,  
Of men who face a hopeless hill  
With sparking and delight,  
The bells and bells of song that ring  
Round banners of a cause or king  
From armies bleeding white—

The song of sailors every one  
When monstrous tide and tempest run  
At ships like bulls at red,  
When stately ships are twirled and spun  
Like whipping tops and help there's none  
And mighty ships ten thousand ton  
Go down like lumps of lead—

And song of fighters stern as they  
At odds with fortune night and day,  
Crammed up in cities grim and grey  
As thick as bees in hives,  
Hosannas of a lowly throng  
Who sing unconscious of their song,  
Whose lips are in their lives—

And song of some at holy war  
With spells and ghouls more dread by far  
Than deadly seas and cities are  
Or hordes of quarrelling kings—  
The song of fighters great and small,  
The song of pretty fighters all  
And high heroic things—

The song of lovers—who knows how  
Twitched up from place and time  
Upon a sigh, a blush, a vow,

A curve or hue of cheek or brow,  
Borne up and off from here and now  
Into the void sublime !

And crying loves and passions still  
In every key from soft to shrill  
And numbers never done,  
Dog-loyalties to faith and friend,  
And loves like Ruth's of old no end,  
And intermission none—

And burst on burst for beauty and  
For numbers not behind,  
From men whose love of motherland  
Is like a dog's for one dear hand,  
Sole, selfless, boundless, blind—  
And song of some with hearts beside  
For men and sorrows far and wide,  
Who watch the world with pity and pride  
And warm to all mankind—

And endless joyous music rise  
From children at their play,  
And endless soaring lullabies  
From happy, happy mothers' eyes,  
And answering crows and baby-cries,  
How many who shall say !

And many a song as wondrous well  
With pangs and sweets intolerable  
From lonely hearths too grey to tell,  
God knows how utter grey !  
And song from many a house of care  
When pain has forced a footing there  
And there's a Darkness on the stair  
Will not be turned away—

And song—that song whose singers come  
With old kind tales of pity from  
The Great Compassion's lips,  
That make the bells of Heaven to peal  
Round pillows frosty with the feel  
Of Death's cold finger tips—

The song of men all sorts and kinds,  
As many tempers, moods and minds  
As leaves are on a tree,  
As many faiths and castes and creeds,  
As many human bloods and breeds  
As in the world may be ;

The song of each and all who gaze  
On Beauty in her naked blaze,  
Or see her dimly in a haze,  
Or get her light in fitful rays  
And tiniest needles even,  
The song of all not wholly dark,  
Not wholly sunk in stupor stark  
Too deep for groping Heaven—

And alleluias sweet and clear  
And wild with beauty men mishear,  
From choirs of song as near and dear  
To Paradise as they,  
The everlasting pipe and flute  
Of wind and sea and bird and brute,  
And lips deaf men imagine mute  
In wood and stone and clay :

The music of a lion strong  
That shakes a hill a whole night long,

A hill as loud as he,  
The twitter of a mouse among  
Melodious greenery,  
The ruby's and the rainbow's song,  
The nightingale's—all three,  
The song of life that wells and flows  
From every leopard, lark and rose  
And everything that gleams or goes  
Lack-lustre in the sea.

I heard it all, each, every note  
Of every lung and tongue and throat,  
Ay, every rhythm and rhyme  
Of everything that lives and loves  
And upward, ever upward moves  
From lowly to sublime !  
Earth's multitudinous Sons of Light,  
I heard them lift their lyric might  
With each and every chanting sprite  
That lit the sky that wondrous night  
As far as eye could climb !

I heard it all, I heard the whole  
Harmonious hymn of being roll  
Up through the chapel of my soul  
And at the altar die,  
And in the awful quiet then  
Myself I heard, Amen, Amen,  
Amen I heard me cry !  
I heard it all and then although  
I caught my flying senses, Oh,  
A dizzy man was I !

I stood and stared ; the sky was lit,  
The sky was stars all over it,  
I stood, I knew not why,  
Without a wish, without a will,  
I stood upon that silent hill  
And stared into the sky until  
My eyes were blind with stars and still  
I stared into the sky.

RALPH HODGSON

*Christ in the Universe*

WITH this ambiguous earth  
His dealings have been told us. These abide :  
The signal to a maid, the human birth,  
The lesson, and the young Man crucified.

But not a star of all  
The innumerable host of stars has heard  
How He administered this terrestrial ball.  
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Of His earth-visiting feet  
None knows the secret, cherished, perilous,  
The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,  
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

No planet knows that this  
Our wayside planet, carrying land and wave,  
Love and life multiplied, and pain and bliss,  
Bears, as chief treasure, one forsaken grave.

Nor, in our little day,  
May His devices with the heavens be guessed,  
His pilgrimage to thread the Milky Way  
Or His bestowals there be manifest.

But in the eternities,  
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear  
A million alien Gospels, in what guise  
He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

O, be prepared, my soul !  
To read the inconceivable, to scan  
The million forms of God those stars unroll  
When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

ALICE MEYNELL

### *The New Ghost*

‘And he casting away his garment rose and came to Jesus.’

AND he cast it down, down, on the green grass,  
Over the young crocuses, where the dew was—  
He cast the garment of his flesh that was full of death,  
And like a sword his spirit showed out of the cold sheath.

He went a pace or two, he went to meet his Lord,  
And, as I said, his spirit looked like a clean sword,  
And seeing him the naked trees began shivering,  
And all the birds cried out aloud as it were late spring.

And the Lord came on, He came down, and saw  
That a soul was waiting there for Him, one without flaw,  
And they embraced in the churchyard where the robins  
play,  
And the daffodils hang down their heads, as they burn  
away.

The Lord held his head fast, and you could see  
That He kissed the unsheathed ghost that was gone  
free—

As a hot sun, on a March day, kisses the cold ground ;  
And the spirit answered, for he knew well that his peace  
was found.

The spirit trembled, and sprang up at the Lord's word—  
As on a wild, April day, springs a small bird—  
So the ghost's feet lifting him up, he kissed the Lord's  
    cheek,  
And for the greatness of their love neither of them could  
    speak.

But the Lord went then, to show him the way,  
Over the young crocuses, under the green may  
That was not quite in flower yet—to a far-distant land ;  
And the ghost followed, like a naked cloud holding the  
    sun's hand.

FREDEGOND SHOVE

### *The Ballad of Father Gilligan*

THE old priest Peter Gilligan  
Was weary night and day ;  
For half his flock were in their beds,  
Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,  
At the moth-hour of eve,  
Another poor man sent for him,  
And he began to grieve.

‘ I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,  
‘ For people die and die ’ ;  
And after cried he, ‘ God forgive !  
‘ My body spake, not I ! ’

He knelt, and leaning on the chair  
He prayed and fell asleep ;  
And the moth-hour went from the fields,  
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,  
And leaves shook in the wind ;  
And God covered the world with shade,  
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp  
When the moths came once more,  
The old priest Peter Gilligan  
Stood upright on the floor.

‘ Mavrone, mavrone ! the man has died,  
‘ While I slept on the chair ’ ;  
He roused his horse out of its sleep,  
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,  
By rocky lane and fen ;  
The sick man’s wife opened the door :  
‘ Father ! you come again ! ’

‘ And is the poor man dead ? ’ he cried.  
‘ He died an hour ago,’  
The old priest Peter Gilligan  
In grief swayed to and fro.

‘ When you were gone, he turned and died  
‘ As merry as a bird.’  
The old priest Peter Gilligan  
He knelt him at that word.

‘ He who hath made the night of stars  
‘ For souls, who tire and bleed,  
‘ Sent one of His great angels down  
‘ To help me in my need.

‘He who is wrapped in purple robes,  
‘With planets in His care,  
‘Had pity on the least of things  
‘Asleep upon a chair.’

W. B. YEATS

*The Quietist*

I DREAMED as dream the seraphim  
Where God’s white roses grew.  
Then, lest I caitiff were to Him,  
I ran to draw and hew  
With them that labour. So my guilt  
Seemed over ; but askew  
I clove the wood, and ever spilt  
The water that I drew.  
And bitter was my rue.

Then came the Master of Delight  
And softly called for me :  
‘Be still, be still, mine acolyte !  
My dreams are laid on thee.  
It is enough, it is enough  
To hearken and to see  
The secret sweetest things of Love,  
And waft felicity,—  
Yea ! like a white rose-tree.’

RACHAEL ANNAND TAYLOR

*'In no Strange Land'*

'The Kingdom of God is within you.'

O WORLD invisible, we view thee,  
O world intangible, we touch thee,  
O world unknowable, we know thee,  
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee !

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,  
The eagle plunge to find the air—  
That we ask of the stars in motion  
If they have rumour of thee there ?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,  
And our benumbed conceiving soars !—  
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,  
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places ;—  
Turn but a stone, and start a wing !  
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,  
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)  
Cry ;—and upon thy so sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,  
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems ;  
And lo, Christ walking on the water,  
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames !

FRANCIS THOMPSON

*Exspecto Resurrectionem*

OH ! King who hast the key  
Of that dark room,  
The last which prisons us but held not Thee,  
Thou know'st its gloom.  
Dost Thou a little love this one  
Shut in to-night,  
Young and so piteously alone,  
Cold—out of sight ?  
Thou know'st how hard and bare  
The pillow of that new-made narrow bed,  
Then leave not there  
So dear a head !

CHARLOTTE MEW

*Dominus Illuminatio Mea*

IN the hour of death, after this life's whim,  
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,  
And pain has exhausted every limb—  
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.  
When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,  
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,  
And a man is uncertain of his own name—  
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.  
When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,  
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,  
And the widow and child forsake the dead—  
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.  
For even the purest delight may pall,  
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,  
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—  
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

R. D. BLACKMORE

PRINTED IN ENGLAND  
AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

# Some Oxford Books

## on

# ENGLISH

### ¶ General.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH, by W. S. TOMKINSON. Pp. 230. 5s. 6d. net.

‘It is full of good things.’

*Educational Times*

THE RUDIMENTS OF CRITICISM, by E. A. G. LAMBORN. Pp. 192. 3s. 6d. net.

‘A valuable book for teachers, showing how children may be taught to appreciate poetry and verbal melody.’ *Athenæum*.

EXPRESSION IN SPEECH AND WRITING, by E. A. G. LAMBORN. Pp. 120. 4s. 6d. net.

‘It is hard to over praise this inspiring little book, written with all the author’s raciness, humour, and enthusiasm. It deals in five chapters with oral and written composition, verse making, original music, and the rendering of poetry.’

*A.M.A.*

### ¶ Phonetics.

THE SOUNDS OF ENGLISH, by HENRY SWEET. Pp. 140. 3s. 6d. n.

An elementary introduction to Phonetics with particular reference to Standard English.

A PRIMER OF SPOKEN ENGLISH. Introduction, Analysis, Synthesis, by HENRY SWEET. 4th edition revised. 1911. Pp. 110. 3s. 6d. net.

PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTIONS OF ENGLISH PROSE, by DANIEL JONES. Pp. 60. 2s. 6d. net.

EXAMINATION PAPERS IN PHONETICS, by DANIEL JONES. Pp. 52. 2s. 6d. net.

Designed to furnish practice for Oxford, Cambridge, and London Certificates.

### ¶ English Grammar, Descriptive.

ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR AND EXERCISE BOOK, by O. W. TANCOCK. Third edition. Pp. 92. 2s.

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND READING BOOK. For lower forms in Classical Schools, by O. W. TANCOCK. Pp. 332. 3s. 6d.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR, by H. C. WYLD. Pp. 224. 2s. 6d. net.

A NEW ENGLISH GRAMMAR based on the recommendations of the Joint Committee on Gram-

matical Terminology by E. A. SONNENSCHN, with exercises by E. ARCHIBALD. Part I, 1s. 6d. net; Part II, 2s. net; Part III, 2s. 6d. net. Also in one volume. Pp. 426. 5s. net.

SENTENCE ANALYSIS for the Lower Forms of Public Schools, by H. W. FOWLER. Pp. 68. 2s. net.

‘A clear, simple, and exact practical exposition of the subject, produced in typographical form which leaves nothing to be desired.’

*Pitman’s Journal*.

For books marked with a dagger, thus †, teachers’ Keys are available. Prices and conditions may be had on application to the publisher.

## Some Oxford Books on English

### ¶ *English Historical Grammar.*

A PRIMER OF HISTORICAL ENGLISH GRAMMAR, by HENRY SWEET. Second edition. Pp. 120. 3s. net.

A SHORT HISTORICAL ENGLISH GRAMMAR, by HENRY SWEET. Corrected impression. 1924. Pp. 276. 4s. 6d. net.

NEW ENGLISH GRAMMAR : Logical and Historical, in two parts, by HENRY SWEET.

Part I: Introduction, Phonology, and Accidence. Pp. 524. 10s. 6d. n.  
Part II: Syntax. Pp. 148. 5s. net.

A PRIMER OF ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY, by W. W. SKEAT. Sixth edition, revised. 1923. Pp. 120. 2s. 6d. net.

Chapters on the Sources of the

Language; the History, Symbols and Sounds; Modern English Spelling; Words of Native Origin; Vowel Mutation and Gradation, &c.

STANDARD ENGLISH, by T. NICKLIN. (World's Manuals.) Pp. 102. 2s. 6d. net.

'The author pleads that all children of whatever birth shall be carefully taught the "standard dialect"—the English, that is to say, of the educated class, and often hitherto regarded as a prerogative of that class.' *Journal of Education*.

ON THE RELATIONS BETWEEN SPOKEN AND WRITTEN LANGUAGE, by HENRY BRADLEY. Pp. 36. 2s. net.

An examination of the difficulties of spelling reform.

### ¶ *Dictionaries.*

¶ THE POCKET OXFORD DICTIONARY OF CURRENT ENGLISH, compiled by H. W. and F. G. FOWLER. Pp. 1016. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net. India Paper, 6s. net.

An authoritative guide to the latest and best English usage. Over 2,000 columns of clear type; yet the volume is small enough to be carried in the pocket of a traveller or holiday maker.

¶ THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY, compiled by H. W. and F. G. FOWLER. Eleventh impression. 1923. Pp. 1076. Cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

'We strongly recommend every one to secure this Dictionary. Whatever they may possess this will be a distinct acquisition, and daily use will make it more and more indispensable.'

*London Quarterly Review.*

¶ The *Pocket Oxford Dictionary* and the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* are of unrivalled authority because they alone among one-volume dictionaries are based on the great OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY, edited by Sir James Murray, Dr. Bradley, Dr. Craigie, and Mr. Onions. Of this great work Vol. I was published in 1888 after many years of preparation. Vol. X (the last) is now appearing in sections. The complete work will contain articles on about 425,000 words and will extend to over 15,000 large pages, each of three columns. For details see the General Catalogue.

A CONCISE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY, by W. W. SKEAT; new and corrected impression. 1911. Pp. 680. 6s. net; on thin paper, 7s. 6d. net.

## Some Oxford Books on English

### ¶ English Composition.

EXERCISES IN PROSE LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION, by G. CLIFFORD DENT. Pp. 300. 4s.

Also separately. Part I (Ages 8-10), Text, 9d., Text and Exercises, 1s. Part II (Ages 11-14), Text, 1s., Text and Exercises, 1s. 6d. Part III (Ages 15-18), Text, 1s. 3d., Text and Exercises, 2s.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION, based on the study of literary models, by A. CRUSE. Pp. 200. 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS:—The History of the Essay, Writing an Essay, Types of Essay, Style, Letter Writing, Paraphrasing, Verse Writing.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION, Progressive Exercises (A Two-Years' Course for upper forms), by C. E. L. HAMMOND. With an introduction by J. C. SMITH. Pp. 176. 3s. 6d. Also in two parts: Part I, pp. 80. 2s.; Part II, pp. 112, 2s. 6d.

'These books are truly admirable. We have not seen a more interesting or more suggestive treatment of English, and we cordially recommend them to all teachers of English.' *Scottish Educational Journal*

EXERCISES IN DICTATION AND COMPOSITION, with selected examination papers and a vocabulary of all difficult words, by N. NOTMAN. Pp. 168. 2s. 6d. net.

Standard of Oxford and Cambridge Locals.

† SHORT ESSAYS FOR FOURTH AND FIFTH FORMS, with specimen analyses, by S. E. WINBOLT. Pp. 292. 3s. 6d.

THE WRITING OF ENGLISH, by P. J. HARTOG, assisted by Mrs. AMY H. LANGDON. Third edition. Pp. 176. 4s. net.

The authors explain how it is that French boys write French so well while English boys write English so indifferently; and apply to English, with acknowledged practical success, the French method of teaching the mother tongue.

By H. W. and F. G. Fowler.

THE KING'S ENGLISH, ABRIDGED for School use. Pp. 160. 3s. net.

'For the young writer we know of no better work since the appearance of Hodgson's *Errors in English*.' *Literary World*.

'If freely used, it would do much to arrest the degradation of the English language.' *The Scotsman*.

THE KING'S ENGLISH. Second edition. Pp. 380. 6s. net.

'To author and journalists *The King's English* should be invaluable.' *The Author*.

'This is the best book of its kind we have ever seen.' *Glasgow Herald*.

### ¶ Précis Writing.

† A PROGRESSIVE COURSE OF PRÉCIS WRITING. Part I for beginners, Part II Official Correspondence, Minutes, &c., pp. 146, graduated, by F. E. ROBESON. 2s. 6d.

HISTORICAL PASSAGES FOR PRÉCIS WRITING, by F. E. ROBESON. Pp. 118. 2s. 6d.

PRÉCIS WRITING. The two books in one volume. Pp. 264. 4s. 6d.

# OXFORD SERIES OF TEXTS OR TRANSLATIONS FOR SCHOOLS

**DR. LOWE'S POPULAR READERS.** With Notes, Maps, Vocabularies, English Exercises, and many illustrations. Each book proceeds from simple sentences to compound sentences; then to short paragraphs; and finally to a slightly adapted version of the original text. 2s. each.

**LINGUA LATINA.** The Direct Method. Edited by W. H. D. ROUSE and S. O. ANDREW. Crown 8vo. Eight text-books, a Teacher's book, and a wall-picture.

**OXFORD JUNIOR LATIN SERIES.** Under the General Editorship of C. E. FREEMAN. Fcap 8vo. 2s. each. The series includes the following volumes:—

*Virgil, Aeneid I, II, IV, V, VI, X; Catullus; Horace, Select Odes; Selections from Ovid; Livy I, XXI, XXII.*

**THE CLARENDON LATIN AND GREEK SERIES.** Partly in the Original and partly in Translation. Under the general editorship of R. W. LIVINGSTONE. Each volume with introduction, notes, and vocabulary. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net each. The series includes the following Latin volumes:—

*Apuleius, Cupid and Psyche; Caesar, Civil War I-II, III; Caesar, Gallic War IV (20-38) and V, VI-VII; Cicero the Advocate; The Catilinarian Conspiracy; Livy, XXI-XXII; Sallust, The Jugurthine War; Virgil, Aeneid I-III, IV-VI, VII-IX, The Georgics.*

**OXFORD CLASSICAL TEXTS.** Crown 8vo. The series includes the following Latin volumes:—

*Asconius; Caesar, Commentarii; Catullus; Cicero, Epistulae; Cicero, Orationes; Cicero, Rhetorica; Horace; Isidori Etymologiae; Livy; Lucretius; Martial; Nepos; Ovid; Persius and Juvenal; Phaedrus; Plautus; Propertius; Statius; Tacitus; Terence; Tibullus; Vergil; Appendix Vergiliana.*

**OXFORD LIBRARY OF TRANSLATIONS.** These Oxford Translations have not been written to order, but produced for the delight of the writers themselves by students of their favourite authors. Uniform volumes. Fcap 8vo. From 5s. net each.

Lists of the above series and of other annotated editions may be had on application to the

**OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS**

Amen House, Warwick Square, E.C. 4









**KQ-684-220**